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E L E G Y
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M A R I E A N T O I N E T T E,
O F
A U S T R I A,
C I - D E V A N T Q U E E N O F F R A N C E :
W I T H A
P O E M
O N T H E
L A S T I N T E R V I E W
B E T W E E N
The KING of POLAND and LORASKI.

In that soft Bosom where no Faction reigns seek thy Afylum.

W R I T T E N B Y
A N N Y E A R S L E Y. H

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E. L. E. G. Y.
MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHATEAU DE VERMONT

P. O. F. M.



THE KING OF POLAND

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSEUM

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E L E G Y, &c.

HOW may I stay pale Murder's ruthless Hand!
How plead with Men, who Mercy most despise!
Time eager shakes for them his ebbing Sand,
Soon shall their Spirits rove thro' troubled Skies.

Yet Time shall linger on this tragic Tale,
As down the Steeps of Fate he drives the Hours;
His Sighs be heard along the shadowy Vale,
And Pity follow, wrapt in pearly Show'rs.

Haste, hoary Sire! seek in some wild afar,
 Where Angel-Melody conceals her Lyre,
 Broke are its Chords by Iron-footed War,
Rebellion growls, when Nature should inspire.

Bow down, ye Woods! Stream lend thy softest Song,
 Sea, roll thou gently to thy roughest Shore!
 Wind, o'er the Tow'rs of France the Strain prolong,
 And drown in Notes of Woe, *Rebellion's* Roar.

Rise ev'ry Grace that gilds a pitying world!
 Lo! Melody leans on the Wing of Time:
Murder is musing!....*Ocean* sleeps uncurl'd,
 While *sacred Sorrow* fills the farthest Clime.

MARIE! the beauteous MARIE yields to Woe,
 Deep in yon Cell reclines the Mourner's Head,
 Her Charms are with'ring, while her Troubles grow,
 Her Fancy wanders round her Marble Bed.

The Moon looks pensive to her sleepless Eye,
Damps shine unnotic'd on her Prison Wall,
Her gentle Spirit fain would pass the Sky,
She fancies yet her murder'd Lord may call.

O never, never! MARIE, may thy Lord
Look back on this injurious World !....No More
Love, Peace or Comfort, thee their Joys afford,
Yet, all shall greet thee on a brighter Shore.

BEING shall never an Extinction know,
Tho' gloomy Guilt may "*wish eternal Sleep*,"
O'er boundless Region's MIND must ever go,
While *Nature* o'er our broken Forms may weep.

Much injur'd Beauty! Envy foils thy Fame,
(The motley-Million poisons more than thine,)
Yet Truth shall burst! in awful Glory flame,
And all shall vanish, but her spotless Line.

Thy Record Truth! shall on her Tomb be hung!

Gallia shall read it with a tearful Eye;

Envy in Silence drop her blister'd Tongue,

While gen'rous *Virtue* lifts thy Tablet high.

Thus *Melody* from *Gallia* wand'ring, fill'd

The Valley, Grove, and Woodland, with her Strain,

The list'ning Shepherd, in her *Rule* unskill'd,

Felt all her Langours,...but he felt in Vain!

On burnish'd Spears now Phœbus strikes his Beam,

The Tone of gentle Languishment recedes;

Horror advances, all her Spectres scream,

This Moment MARIE's Woe-fraught Bosom bleeds.

O'er her pale Beauties, Hist'ry stands amaz'd,

The Pencil trembles as she draws her Lines,

While MARIE, on whom Crowds with Pleasure gaz'd,

On the cold Bosom of her Lord reclines.

* Turn *Death* to thy Dominion!....rise ye Pair,
 The Darknefs of the Grave ill fuits the Soul;
 Together foar beyond the Realms of Air
 And, loft in grateful Wonder, view THE WHOLE.

There, will you fee the willing Ages run,
 With all their Atoms in an endless Round;
 Obedient to the Father of the Sun,
 Whofe Breathing joins them thro' the vaft profound.

There, will you own that *Nature* never Wars
 With her *great* MASTER, tho' her Forms may change,
 Tho' *Treason*, *Murder*, all the Soul abhors,
Must, in the univerfal Mixture, range
 On Earth, if foft Reflection may avail,
 To soothe the gentle Mind at this fad Scene,
 Oft to yon Moon, ſhe'll breathe your haplefs Tale,
 And o'er your *flighted* Grave be ever feen.

* I am glad to say Dominion, and yet

The darkness of the earth is not

Together for beyond the Realm of Air

And let it stand in order now THE WORLD

And yet you see the things that

It is all that we can see

Of the things that are of the earth

What is the world that we see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

On earth, it is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

It is all that we can see

* The end

P O E M, &c.

LORASKI, mark'd by War and worn with Years,
Heard *Russia's* Threats, and saw his King in Tears:
No more, he cried, O Sun! I bless thy Light,
Thy Blaze of Glory dims my aching Sight,
Blush and withdraw!----here *Slav'ry* takes her Stand,---
O blast the Fiend, and seek some happier Land!
Her Chains are round our lofty Turrets thrown,
They bind a panting Monarch to his Throne;
Beneath their Weight, I see my Master lie,
His Crown dif-figured while his Courtiers fly!

Shall old LORASKI see his King undone,
 While Cowards take those shameful Fetters on?
 O no! while *free*, a last Adieu I'll give,
 And teach my Sov'reign why I cannot live.
 Stung by Despair, he from his Pillow flew
 Ere thirsty Sol had drank the Morning Dew,
 Paus'd at the Door, he fought with so much Haste
 Lest he should break that Sleep the wretched taste,
 For sacred is that Sleep---his Pause was vain,
 The Monarch's Pillow held the Thorn of Pain;
 Within, the fervent Strain of Pray'r arose,
 The King was kneeling o'er his Peoples' Woes:
 Sighs broke his Voice, it half dissolv'd in Air,
 And "*Poland's Freedom*" dy'd upon the Ear:
 Impatient, the lov'd Warrior heard no more,
 Beside his King he wildly struck the Floor,
 Who smiling, clasp'd him to his gen'rous Breast,
 Hush'd his own Cares to make LORASKI blest.
 What Gift would my old faithful Soldier crave?
 The mourning Hero, firmly cried,---a Grave.

Grant me thy Leave to die, I've liv'd for thee,
 Nor scorn the Man, who fain would leave thee *free*,
 Thou! on whose Wisdom rested all our Cares,
 Beneath whose Statutes grew the peaceful Years,
 Whose patient Arm put by the Shafts of Fate,
 And held the Fabric of this trembling State!
 But we must part!----farewell!----the King replied,
 While down his Bosom the soft Tear would glide,
 LORASKI, grieve not in this trying Hour,
 Thy feeble Limbs have sympathetic Pow'r!
 While round me thus, thy faithful Arms are thrown,
 I drink thy Sorrow, and forget my own;
 True, my fair Kingdom like some fertile Field,
 Rich in herself did self-rai'd Comforts yield,
 Each Peasant free around his Ev'ning Fire,
 Simply enjoy'd all Nature need require,
 Whilst I, the Father of my Subjects lay,
 On gorgeous Pillows, weeping Night away,
 I heard the Chains forging by *Russia*, saw
 Her hoary Statesmen wrest each human Law,

Observ'd her weigh my Crown, nor could redeem
 My long-lov'd *Poles*,---Injustice held the Beam:
 Alarm'd, I stretch'd my Arm, furrounding Kings,
 Who nicely touch Fraud's everlasting Springs,
 Look'd on, nor deign'd to raise this heavy Chain
 Thrown on my Neck, for ever to remain!
 Ah! what avails one independent Mind,
 While black Corruption aims her Shafts behind;
 While *Russia*, like the *Cimbrian* Host of old,
 O'er-runs the astonish'd World in search of Gold;
 Roots up its Bosom for the fatal Ore,
 And daunts e'en *PITT*, on *Albion's* rocky Shore?
 Lurking in Secret, veering to and fro',
 She ey'd my Crown, yet fear'd to strike the Blow;
 Till *Prussia's* Force, with her dark Av'rice join'd,
 When Fraud shook high her Serpents in the Wind.
 How long cries *Russia*, Vet'rans, will ye see
 One daring Rival 'twixt the World and me?
 The Universe I'll own!--my Legions lead
 O'er *Poland's* Hills, thro' ev'ry verdant Mead;

Mark ev'ry Shrub, crop ev'ry blushing Flow'r,
 Teach ev'ry Oak to nod at *Russia's* Pow'r.
 Empire, LORASKI, is the Tyrant's Boast,
 But can the spacious Wilds I lately lost,
 Sate that unhappy Soul by Av'rice curst?
 Sooner the Sun-burnt Glebe shall cease to thirst,
 Sooner Leviathan shall graze the Shore
 Than Tyrants say, our Plunder now is o'er.
 LORASKI lov'd as much as he rever'd,
 The Father of the *Poles*, and silent heard;
 But the Recital of his Country's Woe
 No Gleam of Warmth, could on his Spirit throw;
 Chill'd were his Pow'rs in Fetters of Despair,
 Too stubborn e'en to shed one soften'd Tear.
 The Monarch saw his troubled Passions roll,
 O'er the vast Region of his wasted Soul;
 While inward Anguish spread her Gloom around,
 And no Relief in Language could be found.

Look up, thou good old Man,---O try to live!
 Thy King may yet have Ease and Wealth to give,

A King! (he paus'd) LORASKI I'm a Slave---
 Quick hurl me from Thee to a *Russian* Grave;
 Pluck down my Trophies, Thou hast help'd to raise,
 And mourn that Friend thy Lips were wont to praise:
 Yet, know LORASKI, should yon Slave of Pow'r
 Confine this Frame within her seven-fold Tow'r:
 When Poisons swell, or Wolves my Bosom tear,
 Thy Image shall be found unshaken here.
 LORASKI now look'd up with Tears oppress'd,
 His King's Affection shook his gen'rous Breast;
 Yet did he stand devoted, in his Thought,
 So high the *Loss of Liberty* had wrought;
 'Tis hard, my Sire, when Soldiers are grown old,
 To bear new Yokes and be so often sold;
 To love new Gods, to foolish Customs take,
 Be whipp'd to-bed, commanded not to wake;
 Tutor'd what Shoes to wear, and how to tye,
 Chains round our Childrens' Necks---No Sire, I'll die!
 Then take my last Embrace in yon deep Wood,
 Where many an Age the Tomb of RIZECK stood;

Do Thou, when Night her dismal Shade shall lend,
Inter unknown, thy Soldier and thy Friend.
Where dwells, we cry, the great omniscient Mind?
Could brave LORASKI's Soul this Being find?
Yes, as an Atom sails along the Air,
Attracted tow'rd its own congenial Sphere;
Or unresisting (by Omniscience hurl'd)
LORASKI helps to make that Thing---A WORLD.

T H E E N D.

Do Thou, when Night her dismal Shade shall lend,

Inter, unknown, thy Soldier and thy Friend.

Where dwells, we say, the great omniscient Mind?

Could brave Foraker's Soul this Being find?

Yes, as an Atom falls along the Air,

Attached towards its own congenial Sphere.

Of nothing but Omnipotence

Foraker helps to make a World.



